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SOUTH BEND'S EXPOSITION.

Preparations for the autumn exposition are so far advanced that a foreview is now quite possible. These preparations have been carried on intelligently and with a broad conception of the possibilities.

So much interest among agricultural and industrial producers has been created that the exposition promises to be a practically complete reflection of the productive activities of the city and county. The show windows of the downtown stores and the sidewalks in the business district will be filled with displays.

Great significance attaches to this exposition. It will be a mute but eloquent expression of the enterprise, the industry and the magnitude of the varied interests represented, and it will emphasize in a marked way the prestige of the St. Joseph valley as a producing center.

There is, perhaps, no city in the country of its class which can make an exhibit of more world-wide importance than South Bend. A number of the industries here are not limited to the United States for their trade. They ship their products to all parts of the world.

The agricultural display will possess its own significance. It will show the effects of the application of scientific methods to farming and it will represent a section of the country that has never known a crop failure.

People who visit the exposition may anticipate an interesting and instructive exhibit.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT.

Responsibility for the North Haven wreck has been placed by the coroner on the engineer of the White Mountain express, which ran by the signal and crashed into the Bar Harbor express, and the conductor and flagman of the latter.

These men the coroner finds guilty of disobeying the rules of the railroad company. The conductor and flagman of the Bar Harbor express neglected to take proper precautions when their train was brought to a halt and the engineer of the White Mountain express ran by the signal in the fog without knowing whether it was set against him or not.

These findings of the coroner being true the three men are guilty of criminal carelessness. By their neglect of simple duties which ordinary prudence should have prevented, cost the lives of many passengers and serious injuries to others. They are as guilty of murder as though they had contributed to the assassination and injury of so many people. They are responsible to the law for the lives entrusted to their custody.

If on trial the evidence substantiates the finding of the coroner they will deserve the most severe penalty that can be inflicted under the law. They should be made an example which will not be easily forgotten by others similarly employed.

No system of signals can be proof against human carelessness and neglect of duty. The human element must be eliminated before human responsibility can be avoided.

MR. MIX FOR MAYOR.

An earnest of their intention to give Mishawaka a safe, sane and economical administration the democrats of that city have induced Melville W. Mix to become a candidate for mayor.

We need not write a biographical sketch of Mr. Mix to introduce him to the people of Mishawaka nor dilate upon his character as a man nor his qualifications for the position. Every man, woman and child in Mishawaka knows Mr. Mix and what he has done for the city as a public official and private citizen.

Mr. Mix will have no opposition at the democratic primary. He will be the unanimous choice of the democrats of Mishawaka for mayor and in the highest degree will embody the qualities desired by all good citizens in a public official. In a large sense Mr. Mix will satisfy whatever demand there may be for a citizens' or independent candidate.

Mr. Mix is a busy man. He is at the head of one of Mishawaka's largest industries. He has plenty to occupy his time without taking on any new responsibilities, but he is willing to make the sacrifice for the sake of the continuance of good government in Mishawaka.

Mr. Mix is familiar with the needs of the city. He understands its resources and limitations. He knows how to utilize the one and exhaust the other. With Mr. Mix as mayor the city of Mishawaka will continue to grow and prosper and to be one of the best places in the country to live.

"BILLY" SUNDAY'S FAILURE.

"Billy" Sunday's present address is Steubenville, Ohio. Steubenville was named for Baron Steuben, the Prussian patriot who came to the rescue of the American colonies in the revolutionary war. It is located on the Ohio river and was founded in 1786, when a blockhouse was erected there,

yet this is the first time it has seen "Billy" Sunday.

Sunday opened there Sunday with a total attendance of 20,000 and opened his pepperiest can of hot stuff right at the start. The Steubenvilleites were told in the familiar way where to get off or on, as the case may be, and the preachers got their first taste of the well known "Billy" Sunday militancy.

It is to be hoped that Steubenville will profit more than South Bend did from Sunday's ministrations, for we have it from no less an authority than the South Bend Tribune that despite his strenuous efforts South Bend is still an unfit place for decent people to live and bring up their children.

According to the Tribune Sunday failed miserably in saving South Bend, though he added 3,500 people to the membership of the churches and broke up a lot of pedro clubs, and so the Tribune has been compelled to undertake the job itself.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

The slavish obedience of the human race to the dictates of fashion began to assert itself in the earliest times which can be called human.

Far back in the distant past some prehistoric "Beau Brummel" started the craze of tattooing his body and the fashion was quickly imitated. Later on a king, of popular hero, arose with a strangely shaped head. Fond mothers at once took pains to mould their infants' heads, with the help of boards lined with moss, into a similar shape. Then came the piercing of the nostrils, ears and lips; the wearing of shells and beads, and later man began to clothe himself in the skins of wild beasts. Finally, discovering the secret of manufacturing cloth and tanning leather, he reluctantly gave up mutilating his body—and went to mutilating his bodily comfort.

Somebody's imagination went wrong when the story was started that 100 American refugees in Mexico had been captured by rebels and might be killed. The refugees were not molested. Probably much of the news from Mexico is of the same character.

The opposition is worrying over an alleged democratic revolt against caucus rule. Let it cease. In this country we should have become accustomed by this time to free individual expressions of opinion and, by the way, to majority rule.

The Indianapolis woman who was caught by her husband kissing a deliveryman was probably merely importing material to reduce the scarcity and high cost at home.

Pres. Wilson is taking up a number of old devices for promoting the interests of the United States. He isn't particular who originated them, just so they do the work.

The reappearance of "Coin" Harvey in the political arena should hardly be dignified as a coincidence with the currency bill.

There are 20,000 visiting Odd Fellows in Minneapolis, in addition to the usual number of resident queereuses.

Our friends outside are invited to come to our exposition. It will be one of the best little expositions on record.

All sorts of complications are growing out of the Suizer impeachment case, but they like 'em in New York.

The tariff and currency bills are examples of the slowness and fineness with which the mills of the gods grind.

Mexico's celebration of the anniversary of its independence was a melancholy recognition of a doubtful fact.

As an exposition of the technicalities of the law the Thaw case is illuminating.

Why the fly?

"Gracious! That skirt is so tight that I can plainly see what you have in your pocket."

"But I have no pocket."

"Then what is that lump?"

"Oh, that's a flea bite!"

FINISHING UP.

Haven't you got that new dress planned yet?

Nearly. I shall only have to have one more talk about it.

I should think you would get tired of talking with that dressmaker.

Oh, I'm all through with her; I'm all ready to consult the police now!

WHAT'S THE USE?

So your men demanded an increase in pay that meant five thousand dollars a year additional expenses to you?

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

Helen paused at the entrance of the subway, hesitated a few moments and then turned back. Why not stop in at Warren's office while she was so near?

She had come down town to a jeweler's in Maiden Lane to have a loose stone reset in one of her rings. Warren had recommended that particular place as very reliable and where there would be no danger of having the stones changed.

And now, as she was about to take the subway on her way back, the thought came that his office was only two blocks away! And it was just 12:30—Warren could take her out to luncheon.

She had not been in the office since their marriage. Twice during their engagement she had gone down. Once he had taken her and once she had surprised him by calling unexpectedly. She remembered how pleased he had been when he had given her things and devoted himself to her and took her out to luncheon.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of a shop window. She was looking very well, her trim tailored suit, and dark blue hair with its whit wing was most becoming. She adjusted her veil, gave a few needless little touches to her hair and hurried on.

Her cheeks were delicately flushed with anticipation she planned the surprise of her visit. He had a new stenographer who would not recognize her. She would not give her name; she would merely: "A lady to see Mr. Curtis." And she pictured him coming out with a bored or indifferent expression which would change quickly to surprise and pleasure when he saw her.

The great office building loomed impressively before her; an express elevator, the long hall—and she was at the door of Warren's office.

A girl was busy at the typewriter, and through the half open door of the private office came the sound of voices and the sound of hissing laughter. "Is Mr. Curtis in?"

"Your name?" the girl demanded, curtly.

"Just say a lady wishes to see Mr. Curtis."

"You'll have to give your name," still more curtly.

"Will you give my message to Mr. Curtis?" Helen demanded, feeling a strong antagonism to the girl.

"Not unless you give me your name." Her manner was now almost insolent.

"Very well," Helen's eyes flashed, she said with much dignity: "You tell Mr. Curtis that Mrs. Curtis is here."

The girl stared at her even more defiantly and then went into the private office.

Warren came out frowning anxiously.

"Anything happened?"

"Why, no—I thought I'd just come in while it was so quiet and come down to have that stone reset."

"Oh! Well, you ought to have telephoned me," brusquely. "I'm very busy just now."

"I can wait," timidly. "I thought we might go out to luncheon."

He frowned. "Couldn't think of it! And I haven't time to stand here talking either—I've got some men in there now."

He turned as though to leave her. Helen was conscious that while the girl had turned to her desk, she was furtively watching them.

"Warren, wait! I want you to take me to the elevator; I want to speak to you."

He hesitated and then impatiently opened the door and followed her out in the hall.

"Well?"

"Nothing," indignantly, "except that you might show me at least some consideration before that insolent girl. Couldn't you see she was sitting there gloating over the way you greeted me. I wanted to surprise—oh, I thought you'd be pleased, with a sob 'so I told her to say a lady wished to see you and she insisted on my name."

"Why, of course; those are her orders."

"Oh, but she did it so insolently! And when I said Mrs. Curtis she stared at me so defiantly."

"Well, if you think you can come down here and upset the discipline of my office you'd better stay at home. Miss Foster was perfectly right. I distrust her to let the name of every one before announcing them."

"But, Warren, it was the way she did it—the insolent way."

"Oh, nonsense! You're imagination always works overtime. Here's the elevator."

The car stopped. He hurried her into it with a brusque good bye.

THE GROUCH

The world's a rotten hole, it is, upon my soul.

No place to live in; There's no one on the square And people everywhere.

By greed are driven, I haven't any real ambition And all my plans are going to perdition.

The weather's on the bum, The future's looking glum, Fate, crowds and shoves me, A pall of gloom descends, I haven't any friends.

Nobody loves me, If some one said "Cheer up"—well, I'd waylay him And grab a heavy bludgeon—and I'd slay him!

The cheerfulness of men Gets like this, now and then, All bile and choler.

When life just makes him sore, And he will kick and roar And swear and holler;

So let me rage and snort with temper, So let me rage and snort with temper, So let me rage and snort with temper, So let me rage and snort with temper.

WILLING.

Mother—Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the backs out of this carpet if he wanted to?

Small Boy—I guess so. Shall I go out and see if I can find a boy who wants to?

POOR MAN.

"Ma'am, can you do something for a sufferer from the war in the Balkans?"

"I was a proofreader on a daily paper."—Fun.

UNRAE.

The hunter had mistakenly shot a guide.

"What," asked the former, bending down eagerly, "is your name?"

"Smith," gasped the latter, with his last breath.

The hunter's face fell. "And I came up here," he exclaimed, ruefully, "in pursuit of rare game!"—Puck.

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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(Continued from Tuesday.)

"You'd best clean the silver this afternoon, Molly," she said. "Look out for the front door; I'm going to be busy upstairs, an' if anybody calls, nobody's at home. Remember what I say."

Forthwith, Rosalie moved a major piece. She mounted the stairs toward Miss Estrilla's room. She was behaving strangely. Her eyes looked far away. Her manner seemed remote to the things of this world. As she knocked and entered, she passed her hand over her eyes, gave a little convulsive jerk, dropped her hand to her side and shook herself.

Miss Estrilla lay back among the cushions in half-light. She had taken off her dark glasses, but the green shade was low over her eyes. She seemed to catch the strange new manner of Rosalie.

"What is the matter?" she asked. Rosalie did not answer at once. She gave a little stagger, sank down in a chair, and began to murmur incoherently syllables in a low and rather husky voice.

"What has happened?" asked Miss Estrilla again; and she spoke in real alarm.

Rosalie sat upright as with great effort. Once or twice her hands clasped and unclasped.

"Give me that glass of water," she said in a half-whisper. She drank; wet her fingers and dabbed her temples.

"Are you ill? Shall I send for some one?" repeated Miss Estrilla.

"I'm better now," replied Rosalie in a firm but rather sleepy voice. "It's cruel to frighten you. But listen. I'm in trouble in a way—at least Miss Estrilla settled back as though relieved, somehow."

"I've just got to ask for your help. Now please don't be scared. It's really nothing—only—well, I've got to tell about it, I guess. All the weariness of the world was in that last phrase."

"I got took this way sometimes. There's nothing dreadful about it when folks understand. Don't call anybody, please—don't. Just stay where you are. In a minute, I'll go out of myself, unconscious, you know. I'll talk, probably. I may thrash around a little. An' by an' by, I'll stop talkin' an' be perfectly quiet."

Rosalie paused. "That was why I cut that may be, that and the feelin' that my powers was goin'."

"I've been dreadfully tryin' occupation, an' the associations are bad—quacks an' things. I never faked, but there was a temptation to do it all the time. Well, on day comes a legacy—money I'd never counted on or expected. An' that happened jest when it seemed like my power had grown weak an' I had to quit or be a fake—because I had people come an' pay you two dollars you have to deliver answers or you'll git no more custom. So I jest determined to drop it all an' go to keepin' boarders with my money."

Rosalie made the proper dramatic pause here, and let her voice fall.

"You can't do a thing all your life, though, an' stop it right away. I hadn't counted on that. I never could control my trances exactly. They had a way of comin' when they wanted to. Why, once at a whist party—but never mind that. An' I hadn't been keepin' boarders two weeks, before I begun to have the feelin' it's queer. I can't describe it to you unless you're mediumistic yourself, but it takes you right here—"

She touched her ample bosom with one hand. "You can hold it off for a while, an' then—it's like holdin' off sleep. Twice before this week it's happened—I've told you what I did the second time, an' how it scared me. An' jest now, standin' in the hall, I felt it comin'—strong. You know the rest. An' I hope you'll excuse me—an' you won't say you're three will you?"

Rosalie's voice held all the pleading in the world.

Miss Estrilla, expressionless behind her green shade, spoke in an even and unemotional voice.

"And what do your spirits say to you?"

"To me?" replied Rosalie; "goodness. I don't know. I wish I did. That was always a curious thing about my mediumship. You see there's every kind. Some folks are clairaudient. They hear things while they're wide awake. Some are clairvoyant in half trance. That means they see an' they know all the time what they're seein' and what they're sayin'. I'm the worst kind. I never could get a thing except in full trance—jest like I was asleep. I have to find afterwards from other people what I said or did. Well, I'm as sorry as can be that I bothered you, an' won't do it again, if I can help it. Did I talk much?"

"Not a great deal. Something about a young man and a young woman."

"Anybody in the house? Sometimes—they tell me—my spirits talk about folks a thousand miles away."

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THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

SOMETHING like this has been running through our head since it began to rain:

Rain for the elstern,
Rain for the grass,
Rain for the cow,
Rain for the ass.

THERE are a number of other animals and things that need rain. Work it out and send it in. We would do it ourselves, but we've got to go over to Sunnyside and take the concert out of old H. W. E.

ONE could almost make something rhythmic out of Mix for mayor of Mishawaka.

THAT was a horrible death planned by Mrs. Fred Blaser of Goshen, who locked herself in a room and turned on the gas. For some unknown reason the gas did not ignite.

THE freedom of that blissful land He now enjoys forevermore. Where saints in endless glory stand Their Lord and Savior to adore.

He shall no war nor conflict know, There with the holy, happy blest. He is now free from strife and woe, Naught shall disturb his peaceful rest.

OVER the hump in September the glide to October begins.

THE spiritual bigamy of being wedded to one's art and to one's husband sometimes about folks that are right here.

Miss Estrilla seemed to be considering this. When she spoke, her voice was still even and perfectly controlled; but she did not answer the question.